

Strongest 481

Chapter 481: Will We Make It In Time?

Brianna was currently having tea inside the Great Chieftain's residence when the cup she was using emitted a loud crack. Before she could even react to the sound, the cup in her hand had broken into several pieces.

Fortunately, she had just finished drinking its contents, or else the tea would have splashed on her body.

"Big Sister..."

Ernest's faint whisper reached her ears and it made her body shudder. A feeling of dread immediately enveloped the young lady's heart as it beat wildly inside her chest.

"Ernest...", Brianna muttered as she placed her hand over her chest. She didn't know why but she was feeling anxious.

If possible, she wanted to see if the Young Prince was safe. However, the two had no way to communicate with each other over long distances.

"Ernest, please be safe," Brianna pressed her palms together as he offered a silent prayer towards the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains. She hoped that their God would hear her prayers and take notice of the Young Prince that played a very important role in her heart.

William slowly opened his eyes. He was currently resting in a room that had been assigned to him in Spirehorn Haven. His goal to dispel the weakness that had plagued the Minotaur Race was halfway finished.

The Half-Elf didn't expect that it would be a slow and exhausting process. Although there was a layline where he could harness magic power, and use it to activate the blessings of his Shepherd Job Class, the exhaustion that followed burdened him.

Because of this, he was only able to do the cleansing ceremony for three hours everyday. When those three hours were over, William would be like a dried up husk, deprived of the strength to even lift a finger.

The one who took care of him during this time of weakness was Ariadne. She would let him drink a rejuvenation potion, and lay him on the bed, so that he could rest properly.

This routine continued for a week, and it was now about time for William to head to the plaza to continue the cleansing ritual. He hoped that by the time the ritual was over, he would still be able to arrive in time to help Conner defend the City of Gladiolus.

"Good Morning, Lord William," Ariadne said as she placed a rice porridge on a table beside the bed. "I have already prepared your bath for you, so feel free to take it easy after you finish your breakfast. We can go to the plaza two hours from now."

William nodded. "Thank you, Ariadne."

"No." Ariadne shook her head. "It is we who should be thanking you, Lord William."

A smile appeared on William's lips as he walked towards the table to eat his breakfast. To this day, it had been a mystery to him why he couldn't seem to grasp, or remember what Ariadne looked like even though she spent a lot of time with him.

Even the sound of her voice seemed to elude him. The only thing that he could remember was her long, dark brown hair that shimmered when light was reflected over it.

In the end, William decided to just go by the flow. It was no use trying to remember something that disappeared from his memories every five seconds.

"Lord William, all the women and children of the Minotaur Race have been healed thanks to you," Ariadne said in a respectful tone. "Starting today, it will be the warriors' turn."

"Understood," William replied. "How many warriors does the Minotaur Race have?"

"Around three million," Ariadne replied.

William nodded and continued eating his breakfast. After spending a week inside Spirehorn Haven, the Half-Elf discovered an incredible secret.

The Labyrinth where the Minotaur Race resided wasn't just an ordinary Domain, but a High-Ranked Domain that was as big as the Zelan Dynasty itself.

Here, the Minotaur Race thrived just like any other Kingdom on the continent. They had their own culture, and laws that they followed. Trade between the Minotaurs and the citizens of the Zelan Dynasty was quite normal.

One could even find shops, and stalls, in the various cities, where special products of the Minotaur Race were being sold. Naturally, the sellers were members of the Minotaur Race as well.

They were like members of the Beastkin, which was rarely seen in the Southern Continent.

"Thank you for the food," William said as he placed his spoon down. He then glanced at the lady that was sitting not far away from the table. Although he couldn't see her face, he was sure that Ariadne was looking at him.

"I'll take a bath now. You don't need to look for me later. I'll just go to the plaza by myself."

"Understood. I'll see you there later, Lord William."

Ariadne stood up from her seat and cleaned up the table. William made his way towards the bathroom and firmly locked the door once he was inside.

After making sure that the door was secured, he immediately entered his Thousand Beast Domain in order to take a bath. Even though he could take a bath in his temporary residence, he still preferred going to his own Villa to bathe because...

"Your shoulder is stiff again," Ashe said as she massaged William's shoulder while the boy was soaking in the large bathtub inside their Villa.

"This is the life," William muttered as Wendy massaged his arm from the side.

Both girls were sharing the bath with him because this was the only time that they could spend some time together.

The reason?

William had still not shared the information about his Domain to King Minos. It was not that he didn't trust the King of the Minotaurs, but he felt that it was still too early for them to know about some of his secrets.

He was waiting until he finished with the weakness clearing ritual before he talked to King Minos about his domain so they could use it in order to leave their Labyrinth which had been sealed from both inside and out.

After their massage session, William found himself being sandwiched between the two girls, as they performed the transfer of Spirit Power towards the gem embedded on William's chest.

Thanks to Ashe's constant care, the red-headed boy's spiritual world was recovering at a rapid pace.

Although he still couldn't fight for a long time, the danger of his Sea of Consciousness collapsing was no longer a problem. Still, Ashe repeatedly told him that he shouldn't force himself to exceed his limit because it might still trigger a relapse.

"Will we make it in time?" Wendy asked as she rested her head on William's shoulder. Her palm was pressed over the gem on William's chest that was glowing with spirit power.

William kissed her forehead and assured her that it was going to be fine. The Half-Elf was also worried, but worrying wouldn't solve anything. The only thing he could do was to continue what he was doing and travel back to the Hellan Kingdom as fast as he could.

Thanks to the Job Class, Prince of Thunder, William was able to travel as fast as a lightning bolt, but he could only do it twice a day.

Also, the Blood Eagle, Scadrez, and the small Wren, Aethon, were monitoring the situation as well.

The Blood Eagle was sent to the Kyrintor Mountain, because William needed to have a dialogue with Takam. Aethon was sent to the Hellan Capital to give him scheduled reports if the Elves had already arrived at the capital.

It would still take three days before Scadrez arrived at the Kyrintor Mountains. William had a lot of questions to ask Takam, and he would relay his words through the Blood Eagle. As a Demigod, Takam could easily understand the Blood Eagle's shrieks and communicate with William properly.

"Ah! I almost forgot to tell you that the Young Master left a message for you," Ashe said as she looked at William with a mischievous expression.

"Est did?" William smiled as his devilish hand groped something that he shouldn't have groped. Ashe's mischievous look had triggered him, so he decided to become mischievous as well!

Ashe immediately glared at him, but didn't do anything to swat the mischievous hand that was busy groping her...

Wendy who saw this scene whispered "No favoritism" in William's ears, which made the Half-Elf happily comply and give her the same treatment.

"Go on," William said in encouragement as his two hands had their way with the two beauties in his embrace. "What did Est say?"

"Dia has woken up," Ashe replied. "The Young Master had taken her to the Dungeon to play."

William was pleasantly surprised by the news that Ashe told him. Dia had been sleeping for a long time, and he was worried about when she would wake up.

However, after the surprise passed, William suddenly remembered a very important thing.

'Why is Dia with Est?' William mused. 'No matter, I'll just look for them later.'

William smiled at the thought of Est and Dia playing together. He also understood that the passive, silver-haired lady whom he kissed in his spiritual world many times, was also secretly jealous of Wendy and Ashe because they had Thor and Ragnar.

It was not a secret that the three beasts were considered to be William's own children. Because of this, Est had been waiting for Dia to wake up.. That way, she could immediately secure one of William's kids, and be on the same standing as William's first and second wives.

Chapter 482: It Always Seems Impossible Until It's Done

Twelve hours earlier...

Est visited the Magic Crystal Cavern like always to see if the golden snake was still sleeping.

"Dia, when are you going to wake up?" Est asked as she lightly rubbed the golden snake's head with her finger.

Suddenly, the body of the golden snake glowed faintly.

Dia opened her eyes and raised her head to look at the person that was looking at her with a shocked expression.

As a beast that had been born from William's blood, Dia, Thor, and Ragnar shared William's memories. This was why Thor liked Wendy, and Ragnar disliked Ian.

This was before Ian had saved William's life by transforming into her true form. After Ragnar had awakened, William's memories passed through him, so his attitude towards Ashe also had a complete reversal.

Dia also knew that Est was William's first friend outside of Lont. The golden snake already had a good impression of him before, but when William's memories flowed through her, Dia's perception of Est changed as well.

"Mama?" Dia asked telepathically.

The sound of her voice was like a two-year-old girl calling out to her mother.

Est immediately felt a ticklish sensation in her heart as she caressed the top of Dia's head with her finger.

"Yes," Est replied. "I'm your Mama."

"Papa?"

"He's not here."

The Golden Snake then crawled on top of Est's hand and slithered towards her shoulder. Est had already seen how the snake loved to coil itself around William's neck and rest her head on the boy's head.

Dia was now longer compared to before and was now three-feet-long. However, for some reason, she decided to revert to her former size, as she coiled herself up around Est's neck.

"Mama, let's go find Thor and Ragnar," Dia said. "I want to see them."

"Okay."

Est then happily went to find Thor and Ragnar inside the Dungeon of Atlantis, where the three siblings were finally reunited. The three of them played together, and that was the reason why Thor and Ragnar weren't with Wendy and Ashe, who had gone to the Villa's indoor bath with William.

Going back to the present time...

As much as William wanted to go and look for Dia and Est, he knew that finishing his task was his current priority.

After enjoying some skinship with his two lovers, William returned to the real world and headed for the Plaza earlier than planned. The Warriors of the Minotaur Race saluted him when he made his appearance.

William gave them all a brief nod before heading to the center of the plaza and sat cross legged. Just like last time, he channeled the power of his Shepherd Job Class. Particles of green light flowed out from his body, which in turn flew towards the Minotaurs that surrounded him.

Ariadne looked at this scene from a distance, and nodded her head in appreciation. Just like her promise to King Minos, Ariadne had already given the orders to prepare for war.

Those that had been cured had already mobilized to procure the materials, and equipment that they would need for the battle that would commence as soon as William finished his promise to King Minos.

The King of the Minotaurs was right. They had already broken their oath once, they couldn't break it again.

"It always seems impossible until it's done," Ariadne said with a smile. "I'll see you later, Sir William."

Ariadne gave William one last glance before turning her head to leave. She would return when William had reached his limit and bring him back to the residence to rest. According to her estimate, it would take seven to ten more days before all the warriors of the Minotaur Race were ready for battle.

Inside the Azure Fortress...

"How is he?" Drauum asked as it stared at the unconscious Eneru who was lying on the bed.

"He suffered a serious injury," Ezkalor replied. "Also, his rank has regressed."

Drauum clicked its tongue as it looked down on Eneru with contempt.

"He was a fool to go there all alone," Drauum said. "However, this also gave us a piece of vital information. The Hellanians have some sort of Trump Card that can injure us to this extent."

Ezkalor nodded. Although he didn't like Eneru's arrogance, the fact remained that both of them were on the same side. They were waiting for Eneru to wake up in order to ask him a few questions.

Knowing how he received his injuries was the first step in understanding the abilities of their opponent.

"Should we continue our march when the Main Army gets here?" Ezkalor asked.

This was the most pressing question at hand. It had already been a day since Eneru was brought back to the Fortress and the bulk of their army was expected to arrive the next day.

Drauum became silent as it pondered Ezkalor's question. After a few minutes, it finally came to a decision.

"We will let the Army rest for a day before continuing our advance towards the Capital City of Gladiolus," Drauum answered. "Don't tell anyone about Eneru's regression, but you can disclose that he got injured when he went to scout out the enemy's capital. This will allow the Elves to think of countermeasures for whatever those puny mortals can throw at them."

Ezkalor wanted to say that it was a puny mortal that had saved the entire Silvermoon Continent from a Demon Invasion. However, he didn't do that. Drauum was a prideful being, and it would not admit that it was once helped by a mortal man, who had made the world tremble at one point in history.

"You look after him," Drauum said as it turned around to leave.

Since there was nothing it could do for Eneru, the Ancient Golem decided to return to its role of guarding the fortress from surprise attacks.

Ezkalor watched him go with a sigh. He then turned his attention back to the sleeping Qilin, who had lost its right arm.

The Elder Dragon knew that Eneru had the ability to escape from any kind of attack because he could move very quickly. However, even someone as fast as him wasn't able to prevent himself from getting injured.

Ezkalor frowned as he once again examined Eneru's injury. He hoped that by doing so, he could find the answers that he was looking for.

Sadly, even after repeated diagnosis, he still couldn't come up with an answer. The only thing that he could do was wait.

Wait for the Qilin to wake up and tell them what exactly happened when he went to the Capital of the Hellan Kingdom to vent out his anger and frustration.

Chapter 483: All Is Fair In Love And Lust

Two days after the Elven Army arrived at Azure Fortress, Elandorr gave the order to advance towards the capital of the Hellan Kingdom.

The news of Eneru being injured didn't deter the Elven Army from continuing their march. Regardless of whatever vile tactics that the Humans had used to injure their Guardian, The Young Elven Commander, the Patriarch's of the Clan, as well as the High-Ranking Officers of the Elves, knew that there was no stopping the gears of war that had started to turn.

Calum looked through his telescope and observed the countless Elves from afar. A few days ago, William's informant had sent a message to Brendan, which had been passed over to Conner. According to the letter, the Elves numbered over five million.

That was already a twelfth of the overall population of the Elves that lived in the Silvermoon Continent. Unlike the Human race that numbered in the billions, Elves were a race that didn't give birth easily.

Aside from the teenage Elves that were of the Platinum Rank, the required rank to become a soldier of the Elven Army was that of the Mithril Rank.

(A/N: Platinum Ranks are equivalent to Class B Beasts, while Mithril Rank is Equivalent to Class A Beasts.)

This was an army that had surpassed Human standards. It was more than enough to conquer a Human Kingdom, defended by children, and a few thousand members of The Organization.

Hundreds of Giant Eagles, that were more than five meters tall and had a wingspan of over twenty meters, soared in the sky. They were the Aerial Cavalry of the Elves and all of them were Class B Beasts.

These Beasts had been summoned by their Riders from the Silvermoon Continent to participate in this war. They were notorious for being on par with Gryphons in one-on-one combat, and were known to take down Wyverns as a group.

On land, the Elves rode on Forest wolves that were two-meters tall. They were Class C Beasts and were very agile in their own right. They were sought after not because of their speed, but for their endurance. Also, they had the natural ability for tactical combat when they attacked in packs.

Over a thousand Ash Golems that were born from the ashes of the survivors from the Zelan Dynasty advanced steadily under the command of the Branch Leader of Deus in the Silvermoon Continent, Alessio.

These three-meter-tall Ash Golems would serve as the cannon fodders of their army in their battle against the Hellannians.

Elandorr and the Patriarch's of the different clans sat in armored carriages that were being pulled by Dire Bears.

Princess Eowyn's carriage was at the rear of the Elven Army protected by six Silver-Haired Unicorns.

When the Elven reinforcements arrived, several royal guards from the Elven Palace also came to serve as the Princess' bodyguards. Among them were the Six Unicorns that lived in the lands that were the personal property of the Elven Royal Family.

These Silver-Haired Unicorns were of the Centennial Rank. Only members of the Royal Family had the privilege of being protected by these noble beasts.

Of course, since Ezkalar and Eneru were part of the Army, Dozens of Qilins and Dragons had also arrived from the Silver Continent to participate in this war. These powerful Beasts were of the Millennial Rank.

This was why Elandorr was confident that even though one of their Guardians had been injured, it would not change the outcome of the war.

With such a powerful army at his disposal, Elandorr believed that only the Kraetor Empire was their match.

Calum eyed the Elven Army for a few more minutes before retreating from his location. He knew that if he stayed any longer, the scouts of the Elves would find him. The war hasn't started yet and he couldn't afford to be captured at this point in time.

After a brief flash of light, Calum re-appeared at the plaza of the City of Gladiolus. He immediately rushed towards the palace where Conner and the other officers of Deus were waiting for him.

According to his estimate, it would only take the elves a week before their armies could be seen from the top of the walls of Gladiolus. Instead of feeling anxious, the Second in Command of Deus had a calm expression on his face.

Just like Conner, he believed that they could still win this war if things went according to their plan. Although the Elven Army was strong, and had the advantage in numbers, the members of Deus were no pushovers.

"What a grand sight," Evexius said in admiration. "I've never seen this many Elves before."

The Grand Archmage of the Kraetor Empire was holding a crystal ball in his hand, as the Army of the Kraetor Empire continued their march. According to his estimate, their own army would arrive at their destination two days earlier than the Elves.

Just like their agreement, the Kraetor Empire wouldn't participate in the war. They would only be there to spectate, and watch who would emerge as the victors between the two parties. Naturally, Evexius was leaning towards the side of the Elves.

He didn't believe that a ragtag group of children and outlaws would be enough to defend a city against millions of Elven Warriors.

Empress Sidonie was currently resting on her own carriage, and had given an explicit order not to disturb her at all cost.

Because of this, Evexius and Prince Jason took charge of the Army as their Young Empress got her beauty rest.

"Sir, are we really just going to spectate?" Prince Jason asked.

Although he was the commander of the Kraetor Army on paper, the Grand Archmage was the right hand of the Emperor of the Kraetor Empire.

He didn't dare to act superior in front of this man who had ensured that their Empire would remain as one of the strongest factions in the Central Continent.

"That will depend on our Empress," Evexius replied. "If she orders us to spectate then we can only watch from the sidelines. However, if she orders us to charge then you and your men should better be ready to execute her order before she changes her mind. Do I make myself clear?"

A smile appeared on Prince Jason's lips. He had courted many beautiful women in their Empire and one of the things he had learned about them was their fickleness. Even if their lips say no, their body says yes.

Inside a spacious room, a sensuous lady sat on a couch. Her slender and delicate hands were brushing the hair of two beautiful girls that were resting their heads on her lap.

"I have prepared gifts for the two of you. I will also tell you later the function of the special enchantments inscribed to them," the Sensuous Lady said affectionately. "Make sure to wear them at all times. Do the both of you understand?"

""Yes, Lady Eros,"" Empress Sidonie and Morgana said in unison.

"You are quite daring, Sidonie," Lady Eros said with a smile. "Well, you will need this kind of boldness if you want to profit from this war. Use the second gift that I have given you wisely. If used at the right moment, its effect will have a more dramatic result."

Sidonie nodded obediently and allowed the Goddess of Lust to play with her ears.

The Goddess of Lust giggled as she pinched the beautiful lady's ear because the grand plan that the young Empress had envisioned was truly unexpected.

"I helped her, too," Morgana protested. She felt left out because Lady Eros was only spoiling Sidonie.

Lady Eros chuckled as she patted the other beauty who was looking at her with a face filled with injustice.

"You did well, Morgana," Lady Eros praised. "As long as the two of you are together, all the men in the world will kneel and grovel at your feet."

"Except for one," Morgana corrected.

"Yes," Sidonie agreed. "However, I prefer that our charm doesn't work on him. With this, I found someone that can come to love me, not because of my charm, but because of who I am."

The corner of Lady Eros' lips curled up in a smile. The Goddess of Lust was very tempted to tell her beloved daughters that she was the one that trained William to resist their charms. If she hadn't done so, the Half-Elf would have long submitted to them, and would gladly allow himself to be tied up on Sidonie's and Morgana's bed.

"All is fair in Love and Lust," Lady Eros said with a mischievous smile. "The boy you chose is a very sentimental person. As long as you manage to worm yourselves in his heart, he will go to hell and back to protect the two of you from harm."

Sidonie and Morgana glanced at each other. Although what they planned was a little underhanded, it was something that needed to be done.

Even so, they were still worried that not everything would go their way.

Lady Eros sensed their anxiousness, but there was nothing she could do, except give them words of encouragement. She had already given them her gifts to be used at their discretion.

Even a Goddess like her wouldn't be able to predict how this war would play out. Only the Fates who weaved the destiny of mortals could catch a glimpse of its outcome.

Chapter 484: The Stage Had Been Set

At the First Peak of the Kyrintor Mountains, a loud shriek announced its arrival.

The barrier protecting Takam's Palace opened up and allowed its entry. The Blood Eagle flew in and landed on a balcony where the Sovereign of the Kyrintor Mountains was having afternoon tea.

"Nice to meet you, Scadrez," Takam said with a smile. "Well, this sure is an ingenious way of talking to me, right, Little Will?"

Scadrez shrieked once, which translated to Will's message of...

"Good afternoon, Your Excellency."

"Good afternoon, to you too."

(A/N: From this point onwards, it will be Will and Takam talking. Since I don't want to bore you with the Blood Eagle's shrieks, I'll just translate them for all of you. Ahem! No need to thank me *wink*)

"Your Excellency, please, tell me. The reason why you asked me to go to the Goblin Crypt, as well as to acquire Five Centennial Beasts for my personal army was to prevent myself from forming an alliance with the Titanic Trollhound, was it not?"

"Prevent? No. I merely gave you an option. You are the one that made the choice, right?"

The Blood Eagle remained silent as if pondering Takam's words. A few minutes later, it raised its head as William took the initiative to restart the conversation.

"Although I don't like working with the Deus, I need them more than the help of a Centennial Beast with hundreds of Trollhounds under its command. If I chose the Titanic Trollhound, I would have had no choice but to fight against the organization, leading to mutual destruction.

"By then, the Elves wouldn't have to do anything. They could have easily conquered the Hellan Kingdom without any kind of resistance."

Takam sipped the tea in his cup and didn't affirm or deny William's statement. Even so, the corner of its lip was raised as it placed the cup on top of the table.

"Little Will, is this the only reason why you want to talk to me?" Takam asked. "It would be best if you get straight to the point. Time waits for no one. Not even to a Demigod."

The Blood Eagle nodded. William knew that no matter how many times he pursued the matter with the errand that Takam had given him, the Demigod would not answer his question. Since that was the case, it was time to ask the other question he had on his mind.

"Are you going to help us?" William inquired. "Will you help us fight against the Elves?"

Takam shook his head.

"Little Will, although I can easily solve your problem for you, I won't do that," Takam answered. "However, that doesn't mean that I will not help you. First, let me tell you how I can help you."

William waited patiently for Takam's words because this was the main reason as to why he sent Scadrez to the Kyrintor Mountains. He needed to know what kind of help the Demigod was willing to give them, and what price they needed to pay in order to acquire its help.

There was no such thing as free lunch in any world, especially when it came to favors done by Demigods.

"One of my abilities is...", Takam started his explanation.

The Blood Eagle nodded its head after the Demigod finished his explanation. Now that William knew the concrete details, and the conditions for Takam's help, he would know what to do when that time came.

"Thank you, Your Excellency. I will not forget this favor for the rest of my life."

"Good. Since both of us have an understanding, it is time for you to hurry up with whatever you are doing."

"Understood."

After William's and Takam's discussion, the Demigod proposed that the Blood Eagle stay for a day inside his palace to rest. William thought that it was a good idea, since Scadrez had been flying non-stop in order to reach the Kyrintor Mountains before the Elves arrived at the Capital of Gladiolus.

With his matter finally settled, William disconnected his connection with the Blood Eagle and slept peacefully. He was still tired from doing the cleansing ceremony and only put off going to sleep because Scadrez was already near the Kyrintor mountains.

A few days later...

"Sir, they are finally here," Calum reported.

Conner nodded as he walked out of the conference room.

"How is Prince Ernest?" Conner inquired.

The Young Prince would play a pivotal role in this war, and Conner didn't bat an eye when he provided the Prince with Elixirs to aid his recovery. However, even though the Elixir did its work, the Prince was still unable to make a full recovery.

It was the price that Prince Ernest had to pay in order to use the limited Divinity that the Goddess Astrid had bestowed upon the Hellan Kingdom.

"Prince Ernest is still in a lethargic state. I don't think he will be able to last long if he sits on the Throne of Divinity," Calum shook his head as he gave his report.

"It's fine," Conner replied. "Have someone take him to the throne. Tie his waist to it if you have to, so that he won't fall over. I'm sure that he will understand and even thank me for it."

"Yes, Sir." Calum bowed before personally going to see the prince.

This was an important matter and he didn't want to assign it to anyone.

Ten minutes later, Conner arrived at the defensive walls of the Capital City of Gladiolus. On the edge of the horizon, several black spots--that looked like a swarm of bats--hovered in the sky. Conner looked through the lens of his telescope and saw the Flying Eagles that served as the Elves' flying cavalry.

After checking their numbers, he moved the telescope towards the land. There, he saw the advancing army which looked like a silver tide. It was only two hours away from sunset, but Conner knew that the Elves didn't care whether it was night or day.

They could see easily in the darkness, because it was one of their racial abilities. However, Conner believed that the arrogant Elves wouldn't attack in the evening. They were too proud for that.

The Leader of Deus snorted because he didn't care whether they attacked in the evening or not. It wouldn't change the results.

Fifty-thousand Defenders, against Five Million plus.

All the members of Deus had gathered in the City of Gladiolus and they numbered thirty thousand. The rest were the teenagers that decided to fight for their kingdom.

Those who were unable to fight had been evacuated days ago. They were sent to the Western Side of the Hellan Kingdom. Although Conner didn't know why Prince Alaric had made this proposal, he didn't pry further. He had no use for non-combatants in a war where they would be fighting for their lives.

Just like Conner had expected, the Elves made camp two miles away from the walls of the City of Gladiolus.

Elandorr decided to act his part as the Elven Commander and gave the order for everyone to rest. The Elven Army was very tired from many days of traveling, so they happily obeyed his order.

That night, a lively discussion erupted in the Elven Encampment. Most of them were bets on who would be able to kill the most Humans, or who would be able to take down the flag that fluttered at the highest peak of the City.

All of them were thinking that the Hellan Kingdom was already in the bag. They didn't even think for a second that a ragtag group of outlaws and teenagers, that didn't even number past a hundred thousand, would be able to stop their invasion.

The Three Guardians also felt the same way.

Eneru had regained consciousness two days ago, and had narrated everything that had happened to his two comrades. He was well aware about his regression because it was the price that he had to pay in order to escape with his life.

After knowing the hidden ace that the enemy was hiding, Drauum and Ezkalor decided to just observe this war, and allow the Elves and Humans to fight it out among themselves.

Although they were confident in their strength, they were not stupid. They had long lives, but they were not immortal. Any attack that contained a sufficient amount of Divinity could end their lives, just like a sword could end the life of a mortal man.

Eneru had only barely been able to escape with his life. Drauum, as well as Ezkalor, weren't too impatient to test the Defenders to see if they still had more cards up their sleeves.

"Everything will be settled tomorrow," Drauum said softly as it stared at the city in the distance.

Ezkalor and Eneru nodded in agreement.

The stage had been set.

The curtain had been raised.

It was now time for the actors to play their part.

Empress Sidonie had a sweet smile on her face as she gazed into the distance. When morning came, she would have the best seat in the theatre.. A seat where she would witness the beginning, and the end, of a battle that would decide the division of power within the Southern Continent.

Chapter 485: One-Sided Slaughter [Part 1]

Several flags carrying the emblems of the different clans fluttered in the air, as the Elven Army stood side by side.

Elandorr stood on a raised platform at the center of the Army Formation along with the important people of the Silvermoon Continent.

"Today is the day where we will show the world that we will not allow ourselves to be hunted down as slaves!" Elandorr shouted.

""Yes!""

"We will never again allow ourselves to be treated as tools by the Humans!" Elandorr raised his hand.
"We will show them that we are the superior race!"

""Yes!""

"Today, we march to war! A war that will make the world tremble when they speak our names! We are the Elves of the Silvermoon Continent!" Elandorr roared. "Glory be to the Elves!"

""Glory be to the Elves!""

Elandorr unsheathed his sword and pointed it at the City of Gladiolus in the distance.

"Victory!"

""Victory!""

"Elves of the Silvermoon Continent! Charge forward!"

""Yes!""

Trumpets resounded in the air as hundreds of Giant Eagles took flight. The Ash Golems advanced under Alessio's command, and half of the mighty Elven Cavalry surged forward like a tide.

The Forest Wolves howled as they charged forward towards the City that was waiting for their conquest.

Princess Eowyn sat on her chair as she questioned whether or not what they were doing was really the right thing to do.

Kenneth stood on top of a mountain overlooking the battlefield. Beside him was his Beast Companion, Luna, who had insisted that it traveled to Lont with him.

When he arrived at William's hometown, he was welcomed warmly by Matthew and Leah. He had also played with Eve for a few days before heading towards the Capital City once more.

The reason he had gone to Lont was to see William. However, he was not around when Kenneth arrived. Instead of leaving right away, Kenneth decided to stay for a few days because he understood that, regardless of where William was, he would definitely return as soon as the drums of war resounded across the battlefield.

"Don't die, Will," Kenneth said softly as he observed the battle from afar. He didn't want to participate on either side, because he knew that he would be guilt-ridden no matter which side he chose.

Since that was the case, he chose not to choose either side and to remain a spectator. This way, he could still face William and tell him that he didn't take part in this battle to conquer his homeland.

Conner stood fearlessly on the City Walls with his arms crossed over his chest. The members of the organization had already positioned themselves on the City Walls with their spells at the ready.

Prince Alaric, the Freedom Fighters of the Zelan Dynasty, as well as the students of the Hellan Royal Academy were also on the walls. Conner had personally chosen their positions in order to compliment their strengths and minimize their shortcomings.

Bows had been armed and loaded.

Crossbows had been wound.

Magic and Spiritual powers flickered in the surroundings as they waited for the Elven Army to come within range.

"Sir, they have reached our attack range," Calum reported.

"Wait for my order to attack," Conner reminded everyone. He had already briefed them of the battle plan. Regardless of how close the enemy came to the City Walls, none of them would release an arrow or a spell on the Elven Army.

They would wait for Conner's order before they unleashed their deadly attacks on the invaders that would try to get through their defenses.

The Elven War Machines, that were powered by Magic Crystals, made their way to the frontline of the battlefield. This was the Elves' first campaign against the Humans and they were using the City of Gladiolus as a way to test the effectiveness of their War Machines.

Clearly, they didn't intend to just stop their conquest in the Southern Continent, they were also eyeing the Human Kingdoms in the Central Continent as well.

"Four Hundred Meters!"

"Three Hundred Meters!"

"Two Hundred!"

"One Hundred!"

The Elven Army unleashed a barrage of spells, at the same time that their War Machines propelled fireballs the size of a small carriage towards the city walls.

The Defenders braced themselves for impact. Conner had still not given the order to attack, so they were doing their best to prevent themselves from releasing the arrows and spells at the enemies that were just a stone's throw away from them.

Prince Ernest slowly raised his hand as he sat on the white throne. Brendan stood beside him worriedly as he monitored the Prince's condition.

A transparent barrier appeared and enveloped the entire city, just in time to stop the barrage of spells that threatened to fall on it like rain.

Explosions sounded one after the other, as the magic barrier endured the first wave of attacks that came from the Elven Army.

"Sir..." Calum glanced at Conner who still had his arms crossed over his chest.

"Wait," Conner replied without even bothering to look at his trusted subordinate.

His eyes were focused on the Elven Cavalry that had now congregated at the edge of the magic barrier. The Elves had also erected their own barriers to protect themselves, while they waited for the City's magical barrier to collapse.

They knew that it was only a matter of time before they could scale the walls and unleash a bloodbath on the foolish defenders who stood in their way.

A sneer appeared on Conner's lips when he saw that everything was in place.

"Floyd! Do it now!" Conner ordered.

The Scholar of Deus roared as he threw a red crystal in the air. The crystal flew past the magical barrier, and continued towards the sky before stopping several hundred meters above ground.

A few seconds later the red crystal exploded and a cloud of red smoke appeared on the battlefield. This red smoke transformed into the figure of a Giant Red Skull.

When the Giant Red Skull had finally completed its transformation, several pillars of light shot out from the sky. They came from the altars that had been used to cast the Continental Spell that brought the entire Southern Continent to its knees.

"Foolish and arrogant elves, it's time for all of you to wake up from your daydream!" Conner shouted in a voice that was heard across the entire battlefield. "This will be the place where all of you will die!"

The hollow eye sockets of the Giant Red Skull glowed with power as it opened its mouth to emit an ear piercing scream.

Immediately, cries of pain resounded throughout the battlefield as the eardrums of the Elves ruptured.

Elandorr, Princess Eowyn, the Patriarchs and the other High-Ranking Officers of the Elven Army weren't spared from this attack that was made to target their heightened senses. Almost everyone fell on their knees as blood seeped out of their ears.

The barriers that the Elves had cast to protect themselves shattered into pieces as their casters screamed in pain.

"Now! Attack!" Conner ordered.

Spells poured down on the Elven Invaders like rain. The first to die were the elves that were directly under the City Walls.

The Elven Captains, that led the charge, screamed an order to retreat as blood leaked out of their ears, but none were able to hear him. Not even those that were standing only a meter away from him.

The Elven Battle Clerics tried to activate their Magic Powers to heal their comrades. But, to their surprise, they couldn't channel the Magic Power properly in their bodies. They couldn't even use the simplest of spells in order to protect themselves from the ordinary arrows that pierced their bodies.

"Do it now!" Conner gave another order.

This time, the two Archmages that stood behind him chanted.

The Ash Golems that had been attacking the Magic Barrier paused in their attacks. They stood in place like frozen statues for half a minute, before they turned around and started to bash the heads of the Elves nearest them.

Alessio, who had sole control of the Ash Golems, had lost his connection with them due to the fact that the Magic Power inside his body had run amok.

Conner was well aware of what his rival was capable of and had prepared a countermeasure beforehand.

The Altars that had been built around the Southern Continent weren't just for show. They automatically absorbed the souls of everyone that had died since the Continental Spell had taken effect.

Many Human children had died of hunger, torture, and abuse; not only from the Elves, but from their fellow survivors as well. Such was the fate of those that had no strength to fend for themselves in the absence of law and order.

Now, these same pitiful souls were now being used to activate a powerful spell that Conner and Floyd had prepared to teach the arrogant Elves a lesson they would never forget.

The Gates of Gladiolus opened and a horde of Beasts charged out in a mad frenzy. All of them had dark-green skin, and all of their eyes glowed red with bloodlust.

They were the Super Soldiers that Floyd had made. Thanks to Celine's special serum, these Super Soldiers gained the strength of Centennial Beasts!

Hundreds of Centennial Beasts started a one-sided massacre as they feasted on the blood and flesh of anyone within their reach.

Naturally, Celine made sure that The Organization wouldn't be able to abuse these variants that they had created. After applying her special serum, the Super Soldiers would only be able to live for a week, before their bodies would disintegrate into dust.

Although Floyd found it a pity, he was still thrilled about the fact that he could command hundreds of Centennial Beasts that were nearly immortal.

Just like the Titanic-Green-Scaled Trollhound, these Super Soldiers only had one weakness.

Acid that could melt Adamantium.

None of the Elves knew this, and perhaps, even if they did know, there still might have been nothing they could have done about it.

The entire Elven Army fell into disarray as the Ash Golems, The Super Soldiers, arrows, and spells decimated their numbers at a rapid pace.

"Such a devious man," Evexius said with appreciation. He then looked at Berthold who had a grim expression on his face.

Clearly the Leader of Deus, who was stationed inside the Kraetor Empire, didn't expect this kind of counter-attack from Conner. He thought that the Elves could easily break the walls of the city and cut off his rival's head.

This was the scene that he had envisioned.

However, a scene that was completely different from the one-sided carnage that he had painted inside his mind was currently happening in front of his very eyes, and it made him feel cold.

He was not the only one who thought this way. Prince Jason, and the other officers of the Kraetor Empire, felt the same.

Empress Sidonie eyed the battlefield with genuine interest. As a strategist, she admired Conner's resourcefulness and capabilities.

'This man is very useful,' Empress Sidonie mused. 'What do you think, Big Sister?'

< I think you are right. It will be best if we can make him one of our subordinates. >

The Young Empress smiled sweetly as she scanned the battlefield. She was looking for a certain red-headed Half-Elf whom she missed dearly.

She hoped that her beloved would make an appearance and show her a performance that would make her heart beat wildly inside her chest.

Chapter 486: One-Sided Slaughter [Part 2]

"Activate the Second Phase!" Conner ordered.

Floyd and the two Archmages began chanting as the Giant Red Skull in the air changed colors. From red, it turned completely black, and from its hollow eye sockets, a blazing blue flame emerged.

"Let's go!" Eneru shouted as he transformed into his Qilin Form.

Ezkalor transformed into a Giant Golden Dragon and soared towards the sky along with Eneru.

Drauum stomped its foot on the ground and a giant Earth Spike shot up to the air. It then ran towards the skull with the intention of joining his comrades in destroying the Giant Skull that was looking down on all of them in contempt.

The Hundreds of Giant Eagles, that were flying in the sky, also charged towards the Giant Skull en masse. Their riders barely hung onto their seats, as their magic powers ran amok inside their bodies.

Even so, all of them had one thing on their minds and that was to destroy the Giant Black Skull before it could unleash whatever diabolical spell their enemy had in store for them.

"Arrogant Guardians, it's time for you to know your place as well." Conner sneered. "Gravity Befall!"

Eneru, Ezkalor, Drauum, and the Flying Eagles froze in place, before a powerful, invisible force slammed down on them like a mountain. Just like flies that were hit by a fly swatter, all of them crashed towards the ground, killing the elves that were unlucky enough to be under them.

"Prince Ernest, Imprison that Ancient Golem!" Conner ordered as he pointed at Drauum who had crashed face first on the ground.

Prince Ernest who was seated on the white throne looked at the Projection in front of him. He gritted his teeth as he reached out to grab the image of Drauum with his right hand.

"Iron... Maiden!" Prince Ernest said with pained breaths.

The Sword on the Statue of the Goddess Astrid glowed brightly as it shot a beam of light towards the sky. This beam of light transformed into a golden chain that descended towards the Ancient Golem that had just risen to its feet.

Immediately, the golden chain wrapped around Drauum's body and pulled the Ancient Golem towards the sky, where it was enclosed in a solid-golden statue with a spiked-filled-interior.

These spikes pierced into Drauum's body holding it in place. Preventing the Demigod from using its ability, and imprisoning it completely.

Prince Ernest looked at the imprisoned Pseudo-Demigod once, before losing consciousness. He had already forced himself to the limit, and he could no longer participate in this war. Even so, he had done enough.

Conner had only tasked him to do one thing and that was to capture Drauum. As long as the Pseudo-Demigod was out of the picture, their chances of victory increased drastically.

The Dragons and Qilins, that had also been flying a while ago, crashed on the ground as well.

The Leader of Deus had gotten this idea from the Undying Lands, where the concept of flight was restricted. He knew that as long as the Aerial Cavalry of the Elves was disabled, they would have no choice but to scale the City Walls of Gladiolus where they would meet the fierce resistance of the Defenders who had no intention of letting them have their way.

A powerful roar echoed from within the City of Gladiolus as a Taotie Flew past its walls. He was followed by Hundreds of Gryphons and dozens of Hipogriffs that had belonged to the Gryphon Brigade and Order of the Angorian War Sovereign.

Jekyll opened his mouth and immediately sucked in the Elven War Machines, as well as the Elves manning them. As long as these war machines were secured, the Elves would have to use a different method to break down the City Walls.

He was only able to fly for a limited period of time, so he chose to prioritize them as his targets.

"Stop, you damn Toatie!" Eneru roared as he fired a lightning blast at his second most hated enemy.

Ezkalor also fired a Dragon Breath to prevent Jekyll from finishing his goal.

Jekyll had already taken ten out of the eighteen War Machines whose sole purpose was to break the rune-enforced walls of Gladiolus. He managed to evade Eneru's attack, but Ezkalor's Dragon Breath grazed him. Even so, he didn't stop.

The other Dragons and Qilins focused their magical attacks on the Taotie, giving him several injuries all over his body.

Jekyll didn't stop because he couldn't afford to stop. While the Taotie was enduring the brunt of the Magical Beasts' onslaught. The Gryphons, Hippogriffs, and their riders targeted the fallen Giant Eagles.

The Freedom Fighters from the Zelan Dynasty weren't idle either. Prince Alaric led the charge while riding on a war horse, as the prodigies of the Zelan Kingdom poured out of the city gates to join the fray.

Their role was to clean up as many Elves as they could within the perimeter of the City Walls, for as long as the Elves were still unable to take full control of their bodies.

The Super Soldiers, Ash Golems, and even the Deus' Sword Saint, Alfred, swarmed upon the Giant Eagles and their riders, who were gravely injured like ants, killing them without mercy.

This was all part of their strategy. Jekyll would be the bait and lure the concentrated fire of those who were still capable of casting magic, while the rest of the Defenders would hack the Giant Eagles to pieces.

The Elves had finally regained a semblance of order, despite the fact that they weren't able to hear each other, or use their magic.

They nocked their arrows and open-fired at the damned Humans that had taken them completely by surprise.

Conner eyed the battlefield and raised his hand.

Floyd and the two Archmages once again chanted a different verse of magic and the Black Giant Skull in the sky opened its mouth wide. It emitted a soundless scream that repelled the projectile attacks of the elves, and sent them back into the Elven Army!

Howls of pain reverberated in the air as the Elves did their best to protect themselves from the rain of arrows.

Ezkalor was forced to stop his attack on Jekyll as he used his wind Magic to help shield as many Elves as he could from the unexpected counter that Conner had prepared for them.

Jekyll used this lull in the Beasts' offensive to devour the remaining War Machines before rising up into the air to fire his own Breath of Darkness.

"Sound the bells!" Conner commanded. This was the order for the Defenders to retreat and return to the safety of the City.

The tolling of bells spread across the battlefield, alerting the Alliance that it was now time to return to the safety of the city walls.

Alfred, cut off the head of the last Giant Eagle before shouting the order to retreat. One by one, the Defenders flew towards the safety of the city in haste.

"Die!" Jekyll roared as he fired a full-powered Darkness Breath at the bulk of the Elven Army.

Ezkalor and Eneru hurriedly unleashed their attacks to counter Jekyll's move, but they didn't have enough time to gather enough magic power to match it.

Suddenly, a bright beam of light, that came from the rear of the army, fused with Ezkalor's and Eneru's attack, and met Jekyll's breath attack mid-air.

The Unicorns that were guarding the Princess had worked together to fire that beam of light to fight off Jekyll's attack that was meant to reap thousands of lives if it hit its designated target.

A loud explosion took place sending powerful shockwaves in every direction.

Jekyll was pushed back, but instead of resisting, he used it to propel himself back towards the city. Although he was regretful that his attack was cancelled, he knew that there was nothing he could do about it.

As the Taotie flew past the city walls, a loud cheering took place. They had won the first clash against the Elves, and it was an overwhelming victory.

The Giant Black Skull stared down at the Elves as it laughed a soundless laughter. It was as if it was mocking the Elves for their arrogance and stupidity.

The Elves retreated three miles away from the City of Gladiolus in a disorderly manner. Ezkalar, Eneru, as well as the other Beasts guarded the rear, just in case the Humans tried to launch another surprise attack on them.

They had never anticipated that they would lose so badly in the first clash between the two races. They didn't know how many casualties they suffered, but Ezkalar estimated that it was over Three-Hundred Thousand.

Jekyll's gaping mouth had indiscriminately swallowed countless Elves, along with the War Machines that were meant to bring down the walls of Gladiolus. None of the Giant Eagles had survived because they received the concentrated attack of the Allied Defenders.

Empress Sidonie watched this from afar as a playful smile appeared on her lips. She was truly impressed by the one-sided trashing that happened not long ago. However, she also understood that the Defenders wouldn't have it easy the next time.

'They used the arrogance and confidence of the Elves to their disadvantage,' Empress Sidonie praised. 'A truly brilliant move. Even if the city fell, this achievement will certainly be written down in history.'

< Yes. It was very entertaining. The Elves will certainly not be so full of themselves next time and take this war seriously. Also, their Ancient Golem is imprisoned. This will be a blow to their morale. >

Morgana chuckled. Clearly, she was enjoying the show that had happened in front of her.

'However, I have a feeling that the Ancient Golem will not be imprisoned for long,' Empress Sidonie mused. 'The moment he is released from his prison, it will be the Elves' turn for a counter-attack.'

< True. But, this is what makes it so exciting! >

Empress Sidonie smiled. The Defenders had their taste of victory, but they still hadn't won the war. It would take more than a single loss to deter the Elves from their plan of conquest.

Evexius eyed the Giant Black Skull in the sky with great interest. He had heard about the Continental Spell that Conner had cast over the Southern Continent, and was very curious how he was able to accomplish this task.

The Grand Archmage then gave Berthold a sidelong glance before shifting his attention to the Young Empress that was seated on the throne.

Evexius didn't know what Empress Sidonie had planned for this war. However, he was sure of one thing. The beautiful lady sitting on the golden throne would definitely make her move before the war's end.

He didn't know why he felt this way, but he trusted his instinct.. All he could do was act when that time came and play his role according to the Beautiful Empress' wishes.

Chapter 487: How Long Do You Plan To Make Me Wait?

Once the Elves had left the boundary of the Giant Black Skull in the sky, they regained control of their magic. For the past three days, the Clerics, and Spiritualists of the Elves had busied themselves in healing the elves from all of their injuries, including their loss of hearing.

Some of the Elves whose hearing were stronger than others, suffered from shock which caused their bodies to be paralyzed. They had to be carried off of the battlefield by their peers, and this took a great effort on the part of everyone in the army.

Elandorr, as well as those who had a say in the war, were all gathered inside the Main Tent so they could discuss what they should do next. It would take another three days before the entire Army had been healed from their injuries, according to the Head Cleric and Arcane Spiritualist who were in charge of dealing with the aftermath.

All of them had made several proposals, but none of them managed to get the vote of the majority. They were at an impasse on what to do, because they didn't know if the spell that rendered them helpless could be used over and over again.

Everyone in the room knew that If the Giant Skull could once again disable their hearing, and make their magic inside their bodies run amok then the same thing would happen again.

While they were at a loss on what to do, Alessio stood up from his seat and spoke his mind.

"I think I have a way to deal with this problem," Alessio said with confidence.

Everyone in the room faced his direction as they waited for him to continue his explanation.

"I believe that the Giant Skull is powered by the Altars that our enemy built all over the Continent," Alessio stated. "If we destroy those altars, we can prevent them from using that spell over and over again."

No one in the room was able to refute his proposal because it sounded very logical. If they could cut off its power source then the Giant Skull would no longer pose a threat to them.

"Among us, only His Excellency, Lord Eneru, and the mighty Qilin Race, are capable of destroying those altars in a short period of time. I believe that this will deal with the root of the problem and we can continue our assault on the City of Gladiolus."

Alessio then bowed respectfully to Eneru before returning to his seat. As the leader of Deus in the Silvermoon Continent, he couldn't allow Conner to get the upper hand or he would lose face. He could already imagine Berthold's ridicule and contempt going on behind his back, and it irritated him to no end.

"When the altars activated, they shot out pillars of light in the sky," Eneru commented after Alessio's proposal. "Although I have a general idea on their locations, it would be impossible for me to find them all. Unless... you have a way to pinpoint their locations."

Eneru stared at Alessio with a determined expression. Since the Elf had made this proposal, he naturally had a way to find these altars that he had spoken off.

"Of course, Your Excellency," Alessio replied. "I have several artifacts that will help you pinpoint their locations. You can assign them to the members of the Qilin Race in order to finish the job faster."

Eneru nodded. He was itching to do something, and this task suited him perfectly because he could travel at the speed of lightning. The same could be said about the members of the Qilin Tribe, so this assignment was tailor made for all of them.

"Now that the issue of the altar has been dealt with, the next problem remains." One of the Elven Captains sighed. "How do we free, His Excellency, Lord Drauum, from his prison?"

The room descended into silence. This silence didn't last long because Shafel, the Great Elder, spoke his mind.

"I believe that the prison where His Excellency is being held will disappear soon," Shafel said. "A spell that can trap someone of his caliber cannot be maintained for a long time. Perhaps, it might even break at any moment from now."

Everyone in the room looked at the Great Elder with a dumbfounded expression.

Even Alessio didn't say anything, because he was not aware of the kind of method that the Humans had used to trap a Pseudo-Demigod. All he knew was that whatever it was, they must have paid a high price for it.

Ezkalor had his arms crossed over his chest, but didn't participate in the discussion. He also believed that if the Humans had a way to kill Drauum, they would have already done that, instead of imprisoning it.

Since they chose to imprison it, it meant that they had no way of dealing with it, which was very different from how they tried to kill Eneru when he challenged them alone.

Seeing that everyone had quieted down, Elandorr scanned the faces of everyone in the room before he ended the conference.

Princess Eowyn wasn't present in the talks because she was one of the Elves that had a very strong auditory perception. The silent scream had knocked her unconscious as her ears bled due to her ruptured eardrums.

Fortunately, her life wasn't in danger and had been personally attended to by the Head Cleric after she had regained control of her powers.

Meanwhile inside the City of Gladiolus...

Conner eyed the Golden Iron Maiden in the sky and saw faint signs of cracks appearing on its surface. He knew that the spell was only a temporary one, and the Young Prince was currently out of commission.

Even if he fed him all the Elixirs in his possession, Prince Ernest wouldn't be able to activate the city's defenses when the Elves came knocking on their doors.

Conner had made a workaround for that, and used the remaining power of the Giant Black Skull to reinforce the magical barrier of the city.

He also used the power of the altars that they had built inside the city to gather the souls of those that had died during the battle.

Conner knew that Alessio would think of targeting the altars that were scattered all over the continent, but he was already one step ahead of him. Those altars no longer served any purpose, because he made sure that all the souls that they had gathered had been absorbed by their trump card.

'We can only use the skull one more time,' Conner thought as he eyed the Giant Black Skull hovering in the sky. 'We need to get a decisive win next time.'

The Leader of Deus in the Southern Continent caressed the pendant that hung on his neck. Memories of the distant past flashed inside his mind.

Happy memories when he was still young and innocent.

Those days were the happiest days of his life. Unfortunately, they didn't last long. Many years later that young and innocent Half-Elf now commanded outlaws, just like him, and was currently the Commander against the Elves that were responsible for taking his beloved away from him.

Conner then shifted his attention to the city where the newly formed Ash Golems, that were born from the corpse of the Elves and the Giant Eagles, stood in formation.

Since the dead bodies of the Elves' and the Eagles' were of high quality, Conner was able to create over a hundred thousand Ash Golems.

The knowledge to turn corpses into golems was an open secret among the leaders of the Organization. It was one of the pieces of knowledge that had been shared with them by the Supreme Pontifex of Deus that lorded over them all.

To this day, Conner hadn't seen the face of their Supreme Pontifex. In fact, he believed that none of the leaders of Deus actually knew what their Lord looked like.

Conner chuckled as he pushed away these thoughts at the back of his head.

'Now is not the time to think about His Excellency,' Conner sighed as he eyed the Elven Encampment in the distance.

If possible, he would like to crush the Elves all at once. Sadly, he was lacking in manpower and the resources needed to make this wish a reality.

It was also at that moment when the image of a red-headed boy flashed inside his head.

Conner snorted as he looked at the Southeast where the Zelan Dynasty was located.

"Just how long do you plan to make me wait?" Conner muttered. "Where are you?"

"William Von Ainsworth."

Chapter 488: I. AM. NEVER. ALONE! [Part 1]

Several new cracks appeared in the golden statue that hung in the air. It had been five days since the Elves made a strategic retreat, and an unnerving peace settled on the land. However, that peace was about to end as the cracks on the statue widened.

Conner had been resting in his room when his bed started shaking violently. It was still two hours away from sunrise, and yet everyone, who had not been on guard duty, all woke up from their slumber as the tremors intensified.

"He managed to break free sooner than expected," Conner had a grim expression on his face as he hurried towards the command station on the ramparts of the city wall.

When he arrived, he was just in time to see the golden statue shatter into hundreds of pieces.

Drauum descended on the ground and glared hatefully at the city in front of it.

"You dare to imprison me?!" Drauum roared. "You dare?!"

The Ancient Golem raised his hand and a ten-meter-wide fist made of Earth materialized behind him. The Ancient Golem was so enraged that he decided to annihilate all the Humans inside the city of Gladiolus.

"Die!" Drauum punched forward and the Giant Fist slammed on the magic barrier. A loud breaking sound resounded in the air as the Earth Fist shattered into pieces. However, Drauum wasn't perturbed.

This time, he summoned not one, but two fists made of Earth, and they were twice as big as the first one he created.

He punched the magic barrier hatefully with the intention to break it apart. With every punch, the City of Gladiolus trembled.

With every punch, the anxiousness in the Defender's hearts grew.

Soon, cracks appeared in the Magic Barrier and a sinister smile formed on Drauum's face. It knew that it was only a matter of time before the barrier broke, and when that happened, it would massacre the hateful Humans who dared to imprison it.

Conner raised his hand and the eyes of the Giant Black Skull in the sky glowed brightly. The cracks that had appeared on the Magic Barrier immediately disappeared as the power that supported it was reinforced.

Drauum snorted, but it didn't relent in its attacks. A few minutes later, several cracks appeared once more, and Conner had no choice but to use the power of the Giant Skull to reinforce it once again.

'No good!' Conner clenched his fist. 'If this continues, the power of the souls that we have gathered will slowly be consumed by the Magic Barrier!'

Suddenly, a lightning blast collided with the barrier. Seconds later, powerful breath attacks by the Qilins and Dragons rained down from the sky.

Eneru and the Qilins had just returned after destroying all the altars that were scattered across the continent. They didn't need to destroy many, because most of them had been destroyed after the Continental Spell was activated.

When Eneru felt Drauum's presence, he immediately went to investigate and saw the Ancient Golem trying to break the Magic Barrier that protected the city.

He immediately returned to the Elven Encampment to tell everyone what was happening. Elandorr immediately gave the order to advance, but told the army to remain a mile away from the city.

Ezkalor took off along with Eneru, as well as their kin, to support Drauum's attempt to break the barrier.

The Unicorns on the other hand stood in front of the Elven Army and channeled their magic in their horns. Their target was not the barrier, but the Giant Skull that hung in the sky. After much discussion, they came to the conclusion that the skull could be dispelled by holy power.

Only the Unicorns had such ability in the Elven Army, so Princess Eowyn asked them to help them deal with the current threat.

Naturally, the Unicorns complied to the Princess' request and began to weave a spell that was strong enough to destroy the Giant Skull that tormented all of them.

Conner gritted his teeth when he saw that the Elven Army had stopped their advance. They were too far away for him to activate his Trump Card, and the skull's magic reserves were slowly being drained by the combined attacks of the three Guardians and the Magical Beasts that accompanied them.

Suddenly, a bright beam of light illuminated the darkness. It flew straight towards the skull creating a powerful explosion.

"Nooooo!" Floyd screamed when he saw that the spell that he had made along with the two Archmages was destroyed completely.

Moments later, a deafening cracking sound erupted from the barrier.

Drauum gave it one last blow, and the barrier shattered into pieces.

Elandorr, who saw all of this, raised his sword in the air. He knew that the Humans had lost the upper hand and immediately ordered an attack.

The Forest Wolves, along with their riders, advanced at a rapid pace. This time, Elandorr only sent a quarter of the army, just in case the Humans still had aces up their sleeves. The defeat that they had suffered a few days ago was still fresh in his mind.

He didn't want to take any chances and get caught up once again in a trap that the Branch Leader of Deus had prepared for them.

Unfortunately, Conner's ultimate move had been rendered useless when Drauum regained its freedom. If only the Ancient Golem chose to flee instead of attack then the Magic Energy within the skull wouldn't have been used up.

Sadly, he had underestimated how much Drauum hated being imprisoned. He didn't anticipate that the Ancient Golem would be so determined to take revenge at all cost.

"Open Fire!" Conner ordered.

The spells of the magicians bombarded the Ancient Golem, but the latter only sneered. With a loud shout, Drauum grew in size until it became a hundred-meter tall Earth Golem.

The spells landed in his body, making rocks, and pieces of Earth fly in every direction. However, Drauum endured it all, and the land under its feet rose up to patch up the places on its body that had been damaged by the fierce counterattack of the humans defending the walls.

"Regret the fact that you dared to offend me in the afterlife!" Drauum shouted as it pulled back its arm to punch the walls of the city. "Perish insects!"

Drauum unleashed a blow that contained all of its fury. It didn't care if the whole city was demolished by his attack. The only thing it had in mind right now was to vent off its anger.

However, before its punch could even hit the city wall. A gigantic golden staff that was as thick as a castle slammed against the body of the Ancient Golem, sending it hurtling hundreds of meters away from where it stood.

Everyone froze, including the Defenders as they stared at the giant golden staff that had appeared out of nowhere.

Soon, it retracted and their gaze landed on a teenage boy whose red hair fluttered in the breeze.

He rested the golden staff on his shoulder as he eyed the battlefield with a serene gaze.

"Have no fear," William said as he raised his chin in arrogance. "The most handsome Half-Elf in the world is here!"

Drauum stood up as it, too, looked at the arrogant Half-Elf whom it hadn't seen for a long time.

"You!" Drauum pointed at William. "I was going to spare your life on behalf of the Saintess, but since you want to court death so much then I will gladly oblige and send you to the afterlife as well!"

William ignored the Ancient Golem as he gazed at the Elven Army that had stopped in their tracks. After a while, he looked at Eneru who was looking hatefully at him from the sky. William noticed that one of its legs was missing, which made him raise his brow in surprise.

"Child, it will be best if you do not get in our way," Ezkalar said. "If you do, I will personally take you into custody and ensure that you will be reunited with your mother."

William shifted his gaze on the Golden Dragon that seemed to hold no hostility towards him. Since he was in his Heroic Avatar form, he could tell whether someone was lying or not. The Golden Dragon had meant what it said, giving William a good impression of it.

"Thank you for the offer, but I already planned on reuniting with my mother when I visit the Silvermoon Continent," William replied with a smile. He then looked in the direction of the Elves' Main Army.

He saw Elandorr standing on a raised platform, and the latter was looking back at him with a glare that matched Drauum's hatred for those that had imprisoned it.

"Now that I am here, I will put an end to this war once and for all," William declared.

Eneru loudly snorted as it summoned a thunderstorm above the battlefield. He had long wanted to kill William ever since he had realized his true identity. An existence that carried the will of the Eternal Guardian was a sworn enemy of their race.

He would only be able to breathe easy once William's head had been severed from his body.

"You think that you alone can stop us?" Eneru asked. "How delusional!"

William chuckled as he looked at the Qilin who was missing his whiskers, and an arm on his body. Although he would pay a hefty price for this crime, he was willing to carry that burden on his shoulders.

"Alone?" William smirked. "Remember this, traitor of the herd, and remember it well... I come as one, but I stand in the tens of thousands."

"I. AM.. NEVER. ALONE!"

Chapter 489: I. AM. NEVER. ALONE! [Part 2]

Two portals appeared behind William and fourteen goats stepped out from it. They positioned themselves in a line in front of the boy, with Ella taking the lead.

More portals appeared and the Trollhound Cavaliers, led by Fenrir, flanked William's right side. Mohawk and the Cercopes monkeys flanked his left.

The Centaurs lined up behind William, and hundreds of Rainbow Birds circled the sky above them. Psoglav whistled as he saw the massive army in front of it.

"The rewards should be worth all of this effort," Psoglav muttered as it grinned. It had accompanied William for a very long time, and had gotten used to all the ups and downs of being with him.

Psoglav knew that this time, it would be risking its life, but it was also looking forward to the rewards it would gain after the battle was over.

Scadrez, the Blood Eagle, shrieked mightily as it hovered in the air. Kasogonaga sat on its back and eyed the Elves with killing intent.

A beautiful Elf stepped out of the portal and stood beside William as she gazed at the Elves in the distance. She was wearing her black, latex, armor that highlighted the curves of her body, that would make any man look at her with infatuated faces.

Celine summoned her Deathscythe as she stared fearlessly at the army in front of her. Oliver landed on her shoulder, as it too, looked at the Elven Army with a smirk on its face.

Not long after, Wendy also appeared and stood at William's right side, followed by a husky with a lightning bolt stripe on its fur. She held her spear firmly on her hand, and a determined look could be seen on her face.

Est stood beside Wendy and held a plain looking sword in his hand. This was the sword that a Human Hero had wielded during the Era of the Gods to protect the Human Race from complete annihilation.

Isaac stood beside Est, and beside him was Ragnar, whose tongue lolled outside of its mouth. It was his duty to protect his Young Master, and he wouldn't allow him to fight alone.

"Remember your promise." The apparition of a lady with light-blue hair embraced William from behind. "I will fight by your side, so you can leave everything to me."

William nodded as he raised his hand to caress the side of Ashe's face. The beautiful mermaid had decided to fuse with him in this battle with the Elves. Although his Spiritual World had recovered, she was still worried about a relapse.

William didn't reject her proposal because he knew that his lover was only worried about him. Besides, having Ashe with him put his mind at ease as well.

While the two were showing off their public display of affection, hundreds of portals continued to appear behind them.

Thousands of Goblins that were mounted on Scavenger Goblin Dogs also arrived at the scene.

Spire, along with its herd, also appeared. It promised William that it would help him three times, and this was one of those times where it would extend its hand to aid the boy and fight by his side.

The Kelpies, Wild Bisons, and other Beasts that William had tamed in the Anaesha Dynasty also made their appearances. The army grew, in the thousands, and more was pouring out of the portals.

The faces of the Elves remained unimpressed, because a few thousand new enemies wouldn't be able to change the outcome of the war. However, all of their faces stiffened when tens of thousands of portals appeared once more behind the boy.

Lamassus' flew in the hundreds of thousands, covering the sky with their mighty wings. Erchitu, along with the minotaur race, stepped forward and their presence made the Defenders suck in their breaths in anticipation.

Millions of Minotaurs stepped out of the portal; and when the Forest Wolves saw them, they unconsciously took a step back due to the Minotaur Races' passive Intimidation Ability.

Suddenly, Drauum's, Eneru's, and Ezaklaros' expressions became serious when they felt a powerful presence coming out from one of the portals.

Two Minotaurs that were three-meters tall stepped out from a golden portal that appeared in the sky.

Icarus and Daedalus looked down on the Elven Army while holding their Great Axes with both hands. They were the Two Great Champions of the Minotaur Race and fighting was their forte.

A buzzing sound spread across the battlefield as a three-meter-tall Black Minotaur stepped out of the Golden Portal.

He was none other than King Minos. The Sovereign of the Minotaur Race, and just like Drauum, he was a Pseudo-Demigod.

The Kraetor Empire, that was watching from the side, was dumbfounded by the sudden appearance of the Minotaur Race. They had heard that the Minotaurs had sealed themselves inside their Sanctuary, so they didn't expect that they would appear in this war against the Elves.

William's Passive Skills, Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, Beacon of Hope, and Heroism had all been activated to raise the stats of his entire Herd and King's Legion. Right now, King Minos had given William complete command of the Minotaur Race, so all of them had been temporarily registered as part of his King's Legion.

Wolf in Sheep's Clothing and Beacon of Hope gave everyone +60 to all of their stats. However, Heroism was the skill that trumped everything. This skill increased everyone's stats by 50% if they were fighting against opponents that were stronger than them.

William had assigned Drauum as the strongest opponent in the battlefield, which had dramatically increased the strength of each member of his army.

"Ox's Strength," William said and an orange glow enveloped his forces, increasing their Strength Stat by an additional 20 points.

"Leader of the Herd."

Ella's body glowed faintly as her stats increased by ten.

This was William's very first buff that had made Ella become his main fighting force during his younger years. Although ten stat points didn't seem to make any difference right now, it was still an important buff that made everyone recognize Ella as the Leader behind this mighty Legion.

"Show them the power of the Angorian War Sovereign!" William ordered.

The fourteen goats bleated in unison and their bodies grew up to ten meters tall. Their massive horns glinted with a deadly hue as they lowered their heads and prepared to charge.

This was the next form of the Angorian War Ibex, and it was one of the reasons the Hellan Kingdom wasn't able to conquer the Kyrintor Mountains. These Behemoths were all Centennial Ranked Monsters, and their destructive power couldn't be underestimated.

William jumped onto Ella's back as he looked fearlessly at the opponents whom he had thought to be unbeatable many weeks ago.

Elandorr hastily made an order for the vanguard to regroup with their main army. This was no longer a battle where they could use their numbers to their advantage. The pressure that William's King's Legion presented to them made their hearts shudder.

Drauum, Eneru, and Ezkalar, along with the other beasts also returned to the main army as they prepared themselves to clash with the sudden reinforcements that arrived out of nowhere.

"Trample all those who stand before me!" William pointed his staff at the Elven Army as he activated one of his skills that received a massive upgrade after his King's Legion crossed over the million mark. "Set Forth!"

"Unstoppable.... Million Beast Charge!"

Chapter 490: The Kind-Hearted Yet Easily Offended Deity Of The Sky

< Unstoppable Million Beast Charge >

(Active Skill)

-- When charging towards the enemies, all members of the Herd and King's Legion gain 80% resistance against ranged attacks.

-- When charging towards the enemies, all members of the Herd and King's Legion gain 80% resistance against magical attacks.

-- Each member of the Herd and King's Legion will receive a magical barrier that can endure up to 1,000,000 Health Points of damage.

-- Any member of the Herd that receives damage that surpasses 1,000,000 Health Points will immediately lose the effect of this buff.

-- This skill can only be used if the Herd has a million or more members.

Drauum summoned thousands of Earth Spikes and hurled them at the charging Beast Army. Eneru and the Qilins focused their lightning blasts at their target, the red-headed boy riding on the back of the Angorian War Sovereign.

Ezkalor gritted his teeth as he reluctantly summoned wind blades to attack, but he didn't target William. Instead, he focused his attack on the other beasts that were leading the charge.

A mighty roar erupted from the City of Gladiolus as Jekyll transformed and flew over the city walls. He intended to join William in this charge to fight the Elven Army head-on. The Taotie had long been holding back and wanted to beat the crap out of Eneru.

If not for the fact that there were other Guardians in the Elven Army's ranks, he would have already rushed ahead and rampage to his heart's content.

The combined magical attack of the Elves, and Guardian Beasts, bounced off the bodies of the Angorian War Sovereigns as they closed the distance.

Drauum roared as he charged forward with the intention of trampling William and his Beast Army like Ants. However, he had only walked a few steps before he was forced to stop.

A Black Minotaur stood in front of the Ancient Golem with its arms crossed over its chest. Although King Minos was three-meters tall, he was like a small bug in front of a hundred-meter-tall Golem.

Even so, the Sovereign of the Minotaur Race had a calm expression on his face as he hovered in the air.

"Why don't you pick someone your own size?" King Minos challenged before transforming into a hundred-meter-tall Minotaur whose presence made everyone tremble. "Or is your dignity so low that you can only bully children?"

"Shut up, livestock!" Drauum shouted.

King Minos chuckled and brushed away the Ancient Golem's taunt.

"I think the Silvermoon Continent has been too peaceful as of late," King Minos commented. "A puny little golem like you thinks that it can take on the world by itself."

After having the final say, the Giant Black Minotaur grabbed the Ancient Golem's body and threw him in the air. He intended to fight Drauum far away from the two armies because a collision of Pseudo-Demigods could cause friendly fire.

King Minos didn't know if Drauum cared for the Elves or not, but he cared for his people. The thought of accidentally killing them during his rampage would burden his heart.

While King Minos accompanied Drauum to a duel, William's Army had closed the gap by half. Ella then issued a War Cry which further increased everyone's stats by 30%

Conner looked at this scene and clenched his fist. His blood boiled inside his body as he ordered the city gates to be opened.

He knew that this was a crucial moment and he couldn't afford to hold back his forces. If William and his army fell in this battle, he would be the one to fall next.

The Gates of Gladiolus opened and the Super Soldiers and Ash Golems surged forward.

Conner whistled and a Black Gryphon landed beside him. He planned to join the battle and kill as many Elves as he could in order to avenge the person whom he had lost.

"Calum, I'll leave the City's command to you," Conner said.

Calum nodded, "Be careful, Sir."

Conner gave him a brief nod before urging his mount to fly. The Gryphons and the Hippogriffs also took flight and followed him to the battlefield. Over a Hundred Lamassus' flew towards the city wall and landed beside Prince Alaric and the Freedom Fighters.

The Crown Prince mounted the leader of the Lamassus and the rest followed. They were not only fighting for the Hellan Kingdom, but for their homeland as well.

"Glory to the Zelan Dynasty!" Prince Alaric raised his weapon.

""Glory to the Zelan Dynasty!""

Prince Alaric then pointed his sword towards the Elven Army as he, and the members of the Freedom Fighters descended onto the battlefield.

"Kill!"

""Kill!""

Elandorr ordered the Vanguard to brace for impact as the Elven Mages chanted their spells. The volley of arrows by the Elven Warriors fired non-stop, but all of these attacks were deflected by the barrier that was protecting the approaching Beast Army.

"Raise the barrier!" Elandorr ordered.

It was too late to cast offensive skills because William's Army was almost upon them. The Elven Mages then unleashed a magical barrier that wouldn't lose to the barrier that protected Gladiolus from Drauum's powerful offensive.

When the barrier took effect, the Elves that were on the frontline sighed a breath of relief in their hearts because they weren't confident that they would survive a head-on collision with the beasts that seemed to be immune to any kind of damage.

It was at this moment when a powerful shriek, followed by an adorable, yet, hate-filled voice reached their ears.

The Blood Eagle, Scadrez descended like a rocket. It was one of the fastest birds of prey that ever existed in the world of Hestia, on its back was a rainbow-colored Anteater whose grudge against the Elves had burned brightly for thousands of years.

"I'M ROLLING!"

Kasogonaga turned into a rainbow-colored wrecking ball and slammed into the magical barrier of the Elves.

To the Elves' disbelief, the place where the little Anteater slammed its body cracked. Soon, this crack widened and spread across the magical barrier.

"If you refuse to stop your daydreams then I will shatter it!" Kasogonaga declared. "Just like what happened thousands of years ago. I came here today to break all of your delusions!"

"I'M ROOOOOOOOLLING!"

The Magic Barrier shattered into countless pieces as the Deity of the Sky rolled like it did thousands of years ago.

The rainbow-colored Rolling Calamity.

The Kind-Hearted, yet easily offended, Deity of the Sky who held grudges.

The one and only, Kasogonaga!

"I-Impossible!" Shafel exclaimed as the barrier disintegrated in front of him.

Elandorr froze for a brief moment before he gave his next order.

"Brace for impact!" Elandorr shouted.

The Vanguard hurriedly summoned their shields and braced for impact. All the Elves gritted their teeth as the ground trembled under their feet. The rumbling sounds of Millions of hooves, and paws, created a deadly symphony that was similar to the rumbling of thunder.

Time seemed to slow down, as Elandorr watched the Angorian War Sovereign, that was in front of the charge, lower its Adamantium-reinforced horns to bulldoze its way towards the Elven Formation.

He watched as the Elves and Forest Wolves in front of the army crashed into the comrades behind them as the Unstoppable Beast Charge's momentum carried them backward.

Blood sprayed into the air as William's King's Legion, mercilessly trampled all those who stood before them.